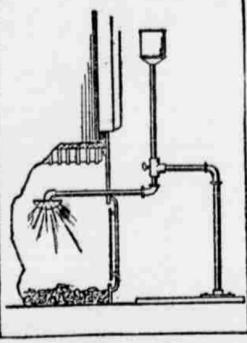


INDUSTRIAL AND MECHANICAL

METHOD OF COOLING ASHES

Sprinkling Device Invented by New York Man Enables User to Kill Fire—Also Good Protector.

A sprinkling device has been invented by a New York man that enables the user to put out the fire in the red-hot ashes by raking down and sifting them at once. An upright standard with a horizontal arm is fastened to a base on the floor in front of the heater. This holds an L-shaped pipe which has a reservoir for water at the top and a sprinkler at the other end and which moves about so that the sprinkler can be in



Sprinkler for Ashes.

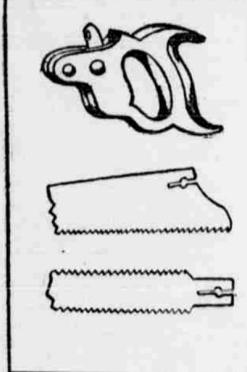
serted in the door of the ash pit or can be swung around out of the way. A stop cock regulates the flow of water from the reservoir to the sprinkler.

It often happens that the man who tends the furnace wants to sift the ashes and recover the good coal at the same time that he rakes the fire down and builds it up fresh. When the ashes are red-hot this is an unpleasant, if not practically impossible, operation. The sprinkling device here shown overcomes this difficulty and also acts as an efficient protection from fires resulting from the removal of too hot ashes.

SAW HANDLE IS REMOVABLE

Saves Carpenter Trouble of Carrying Bulky Tools—Can Be Attached to Many Blades.

Heretofore to be equipped for any sort of work that would turn up a carpenter had to carry at least three or four saws in his kit, and saws take up room. Now a New York man has devised a removable saw handle, so that all the carpenter need take along is a variety of blades, which can be



Saw Handle Removed.

stowed away in the bottom of the box and not noticed. Each blade is made with a slot in the end that slides into the slot in the handle. There is a locking device in the handle which holds the blade as firmly in place as if it were there to stay. The convenience of this arrangement can readily be understood, even by those who are not familiar with tools, and to the carpenter himself it is a godsend. He can carry a dozen saw blades, if he likes, in the space needed for one saw with the handle fast.

Paper Bottles.

The latest big monopoly is said to be a trust which has obtained control of every machine devised for the manufacture of paper bottles and other containers for foodstuffs and liquids. The new package or bottle will be made so that it will be destroyed when opened and must be thrown away and a new one purchased with every package of food or liquid. This means that bottles for milk, vinegar and all liquids and packages for butter, oysters, mince and everything else can be used only once. This will greatly increase the cost of living.

Cause of Gangrene.

Medical reports have given many cases of gangrene as a result of dressing wounds with phenol, or carbolic acid. In a recent case, a mixture of petrolatum and phenol was made with no means of accurately gauging the strength, and the preparation was applied to a bruised finger. All seemed to go well for several days. Then gangrene developed, the finger turning completely black, and amputation of the entire finger was necessary.

China Buys American Leather.

One of the big firms in Tien-Tsin, China, has received an order to supply the Chinese army with 60,000 pairs of boots, at the price of about one dollar gold a pair. Owing to the inferiority of Chinese leather, the firm decided to buy in America and make the boots in Tien-Tsin.

FORTUNES MADE IN SEAWEEED

Turned into Food, Clothes, Boots, Mead, Inlaid, Furniture, Fertilizer and Many Other Articles.

Seaweed is rapidly establishing a claim as the greatest friend of man, and many new uses are being discovered for it in foreign countries.

If the experience of the Japanese and the dwellers on the western shores of Norway, Scotland and Ireland is to be accepted, there are huge fortunes to be made from seaweed. The Japanese, including the Formosans, employ some 600,000 persons in the seaweed industries. These are mainly engaged in preparing edible products. China alone consumes \$600,000 worth of the gelatinous articles every year.

The edible seaweeds of Great Britain and Ireland are advancing in popularity even among London epicures. Served with roast meats they are said to be extremely palatable.

The London industry which employs Devonshire and Japanese seaweed in the manufacture of such diverse objects as cloth, stout shoes, golf balls, policemen's boots, picture frames, marbled floors and electric switchboards, by no means monopolizes its uses. In Cornwall seaweed is used as a fertilizer for the land. In France it finds utility as a stiffener for mattresses and a size for straw hats. The native fishermen of South Australia make ropes and fishing nets from local varieties.

Iodine, a chemical of great medicinal value, claims seaweed as its principal source. The production of "kelp," or burned seaweed, which is the first stage in its preparation, is an industry that is rapidly developing in northwestern Europe. The hardy kelp burners of the Hebrides and Irish coast have now strong rivals in Scandinavia, and in one Norwegian province at least the revenue from this work already exceeds that derived from fishing and agriculture.

In America it has been found to be a valuable source of potash, greatly needed as a fertilizer.

PAINTERS' PISTOL AIR BRUSH

Paint is Contained in Holder Above Barrel and Conveyed to the Surface by a Tube.

A fountain air brush, shaped like a pistol, and designed for either the fine work of an artist or for spraying (painting) large surfaces, has been



Pistol Air Brush for Painters.

placed on the market, says the Popular Mechanic. The paint is contained in the holder above the barrel, and the compressed air, conveyed by a tube, passes through the handle of the curious gun into the barrel, where it picks up the paint and sprays it onto the surface being painted.

The machine is made in various sizes, ranging from the fine needle-point apparatus for artists' work to the sizes used for painting vehicle bodies and like tasks. It is also used to some extent in painting tin and metal ware.

The old joke about the gentleman returning home very late from his club and vowing he couldn't open the front door because somebody had stolen the keyhole, is sadly out of date at last. A foreigner has invented a keyless lock which requires neither key nor keyhole. The lock is moved by the knobs or buttons projecting at the right hand side. It can be set in such a way that only the members of the house to which it belongs can unlock it, and it is made in no fewer than 38,005 combinations. It is unlocked by pulling one or more of the knobs upwards a certain number of times.

INDUSTRIAL AND MECHANICAL NOTES

Cuba imports most of its stone from Canada.

Safety matches were first invented in Sweden in 1855.

Raising dogs for their skins is a great industry in Manchuria.

By the addition of pulverized mica concrete is made to imitate granite.

Soda will brighten china that has been burned or darkened by long use.

Egypt has but one large manufacturing industry—the making of cigarettes.

A cloth dipped in hot water and then in bran will cleanse white paint without injury.

Last year the number of cigars smoked in the United States was close to eight billion.

FOR MILADY'S DRESSING TABLE

DOUBLE chins are said to disappear almost as if by magic when subjected to treatment with a set of little rollers, which are being used here for the first time. There is a tiny ivory and tortoise shell roller for rubbing away superfluous flesh under the chin and smoothing out the wrinkles which have a provoking way of making themselves visible in every young woman's face. This delicate toilet accessory must be manipulated with the utmost care. The set includes three rollers. Besides this one, which is the simplest of the three, there is a roller somewhat larger, supplied with a tortoise shell or amber handle and with four tiny ivory balls instead of the familiar cylinder. This quartette, working together, yet each having a rotary motion of its own, is supposed to change flesh into thin air or something equally invisible.

The third in the set has two rollers, one being attached to each end of the tortoise shell handle. Each roller is designed to work on a special part of the face. A key to the working plan is enclosed in each box with the set, so that the amateur will have no difficulty whatever in managing the little cylinders and balls. And after she has learned the use of each she need not refer again to the chart.

There is a delightful new face cleanser which is less harmful to the finer skin than some of the soaps used by women and which, it is claimed, will accomplish the cleansing process with more pleasantness than a water application. The cleansing liquid comes in two bottles, and they are to be mixed in the proportions of two of one to one of the other. The solution of which a smaller quantity is used is pinkish in color and has a clean, sweet odor. The other liquid looks like water. When the mixture has been made the face is cleansed with it by dipping a piece of absorbent cotton in the liquid and rubbing it gently all over the face. Cold cream applications are not so effective as the liquid cleanser.

A delicious cold cream intended for day use, one might say, to differentiate it from the cold creams put on at night to remove soil and wrinkles, comes in white jars and is a delicate pink in color. The cream is velvety smooth and has an exquisite odor. A little of it should be applied before the face powder is used. This keeps the skin smooth and protects it from the weather.

Instead of using face powder many women are now applying cold cream which has a becoming whitening effect and really is a substitute for the dry powder. The cream, it is claimed by the makers, has absolutely no grease in its composition. It has a flesh tint, and after it has been allowed to soak well into the pores of the skin the complexion looks pearly white and pink, yet does not have a powdered appearance. The cream comes in jars of different tints to match different complexions.

An eyebrow pencil is considered an important part of the modern toilet outfit. Imported pencils done up in long, thin silver or gilt tubes can be had in black or shades of brown, so that when softly used the lines do not show conspicuously, while the eyebrow is effectively accentuated.

Triangular bottles of perfume are a novel importation from a French specialist in this line of toilet articles. The bottles are shaped differently for the different scents. There is a squat, wide bottle, tapering toward the top, which holds a deep amber liquid of rare fragrance and allurement. Another triangular bottle of blunter proportions contains a perfume of quite a different odor. These are sold in leather cases, satin lined, into which the bottles fit perfectly.

Without the aid of scissors or knife the cuticle around the finger nails can be kept smooth and well pushed back by using a device which has recently been placed on the market. The manicure outfit contains a pair of metal pincers about three inches long, which hold in their tip a tiny disk which looks like rubber. This is about the size of a small lozenge. Holding it firmly in the pincers the disk is first dipped into a box of salve which is a part of the nail improving paraphernalia, and afterward it is rubbed and rolled around the cuticle to polish off any ragged bits of skin and to keep the nail smooth and delicately shaped.

The skirts to the evening dresses are long, most of them have trains, and the trains are usually made in the long court length.

Many of the new street and auto coats have their collars and cuffs trimmed with velvet, corduroy, ratine, bengaline, braud or satin.

There seems to be no end to the designs in scarfs just now and the materials used also—satin, velvet and fur as well as lace and batiste.

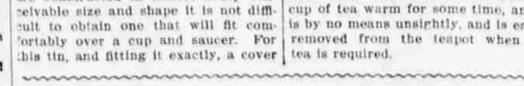
The accordion plaited full, straight jabot is the very newest style of jabot and appears in black and white. Whether this will supersede the popular side ruffle remains to be seen.

Most fashionable materials are rich and heavy. Tailored costumes are made up of thick woolly goods and for suits and dresses even plush is used, with heavy chenille fringe as trimming.

A double row of buttons of embroidered silk outlined with button loops of silk or embroidery trim many of the smartest models from the neck down to the bottom of the skirt, or from the waist line down.

White Marabou the Fad. In fancy feathers, tall military pom-poms are approved, and are worn in marabou, ostrich and coq. White marabou is the current fad.

Novel Teacup Cosy



OUR sketch illustrates a little home-made contrivance that will be much appreciated by many people as it is of service for keeping warm the early morning bedroom cup of tea that always suffers so unless the recipient happens to be quite ready for it.

It was made with the aid of a square tin biscuit box, and as biscuit boxes are constructed in almost every conceivable size and shape it is not difficult to obtain one that will fit comfortably over a cup and saucer. For this tin, and fitting it exactly, a cover

was made in flannel and edged with a colored cord carried into three little loops at each corner. The words "Good Morning" were worked upon one side, and the cover was fastened to the tin by stitches run through the material and a number of tiny holes pierced in the sides of the tin near the corners. The dotted line in the sketch indicates the cup of tea underneath the "cosy." This little contrivance will keep a cup of tea warm for some time, and it is by no means unsightly, and is easily removed from the teapot when the tea is required.

in vogue for so many years, is predicted. Plaited tulle jabots are also candidates, but they are not practical, although usually most becoming.

The Evening Bag. The evening bag is finding a welcome place in the young girl's wardrobe. Whether for theater, dinner or dance, the satin bags are very smart, giving a place for the fan, opera glasses, gloves or other needed accessories. These can be embroidered, fringed with silk, gold or crystal beads, and hang from the arm by soft satin ribbons or a large gold cord. The velvet and tapestry bags and those of cross-stitched scrim are more severe in outline, but preferred by many for more general dress service. —Harper's Bazar.

Pardonable Enterprise. "Nero fiddled while Rome burned." "Well, maybe it was the first chance he had ever gotten to hold an audience. Everybody will stand around to watch a big fire."

Satisfactory Bargains

By Molly McMaster

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Celia had chosen the suburb of Kew as a splendid place for her experiment in advertising. It was not far from town, and the houses seemed to be of a more or less distinctive character.

"The people there no doubt would appreciate artistic interiors," argued Celia as she boarded the train.

The train was crowded. "They are always crowded," was her comment as she trailed through the car looking for a seat. If she could not find an unoccupied seat Celia always chose to sit beside a man. "They usually sit quiet and read their papers," she mused as she sat down beside a good-looking man who, though ample of frame, did not occupy more than half of the seat.

He scarcely looked up when Celia slipped quietly down beside him. His eyes when the train had pulled out of the tunnel swept in every vestige of the passing landscape.

Once or twice he sat up quickly and peered at some vanishing scene and once his arm touched her shoulder.

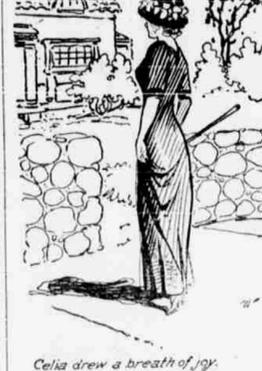
Celia drew into her corner of the seat. The young man evidently mistook her drawing away for peevishness and after apologizing with exaggerated politeness he returned to a more frigid contemplation of things passing.

Celia felt a certain relief when the train pulled in at Kew. Nor did she observe, in her hurried exit that the young man also had left the train.

Had she known it it would not have mattered now for Celia's mind was in a daze looking for an old house that would seem lost to all chance of ever having another occupant.

She strolled about and began to fear that there were no old houses in Kew and that she would have to try another suburb. She turned a corner and—there! A lovely old haunted-looking house lay in the midst of a hopelessly dilapidated garden.

Celia drew a breath of joy. The sign that bore the agent's name was almost a thing of the past, but Celia



Celia drew a breath of joy.

managed by dint of close scrutiny to make out the name of an agent in Kew.

She peered into the big rambling rooms within and another breath of joy escaped her. Genius lurked in Celia's eyes. She knew that with time and the consent of the agent she could turn the inside of that old house into a veritable dream of beauty. She cast a regretful glance at the unkempt garden and shook her head.

"My house will have to shine like a jewel if I want people to see it through this awful ruin of grounds."

But her spirits were in no way dampened by the outlook, but she had her dreams about landscape gardening that would set off the house.

Once within the tiny office of the agent, Celia made known her desire. "There is an old tumble-down house down there," she pointed her finger in the direction whence she had come. "I want you to let me make over the interior at my own expense." Celia smiled upon the agent.

"I am sorry," he said, and really felt so, "but a chap has only ten minutes ago—"

"Don't tell me I can't have it!" Celia felt on the verge of tears.

"That house has been vacant about fifteen years, and now two people want it. This young chap wanted to do something to the garden—he says it will enhance the value of the property and give him the advertising he needs."

"Oh!" Celia breathed joyously. "My plans wouldn't interfere in the least with his. Do you suppose he would mind my doing the interior?"

The agent knew that if the girl looked at the landscape gardener with those appealing gray eyes he would no doubt buy the house for her.

"You might suggest it to him. His name is Gaynor—Tom Gaynor." The agent smiled as Celia hurriedly left the office. This was certainly his lucky day.

Celia approached the man who was sitting on a garden bench making a mental picture of the ruined garden. He looked up, a tinge of annoyance on his face.

"Oh!" said Celia and dropped back. The young man was her companion of the train. He stood up, his hat in his hand.

POCO CHARLIE'S HARD LUCK

Surely His Hoodoo Was on the Job When He Selected New York's Mayor as a Butt for Witticism.

If you happen to be walking on a New York street, and a man approaches you, wearing a shiny hat and a V-shaped beard, do not address him as "Little Whiskers," no matter how merry you may feel. For it is just possible that he may be Mayor Gaynor. Everyone knows that Mayor Gaynor believes in the complete liberty of the citizen, and abominates the misuse of power by the police. Just the same, Horace, have a care. He had just completed writing an impassioned letter one recent day, in which he hung the police force by a hair over the bottomless pit because one of their number had arrested a man without evidence for a conviction.

And then Mayor Gaynor, who is a fine orator, stamped out of his office and across the Brooklyn bridge on his way home. He encountered one POCO CHARLIE, who desired to be comforted with food and drink.

"Get away," snapped his honor. "Aw," said Mr. POCO CHARLIE, "yuh ain't sore, are yuh, Little Whiskers? Lemme rub yuh'r brush for luck."

Mayor Gaynor's eyes are peculiarly cold and gray. Mr. POCO CHARLIE hastily abandoned his desire to stroke the mayor's whiskers. "They was bristlin' so I think they'd a cut me," he confessed later, "and I'd likely come down wit' blood poisonin'."

Mayor Gaynor went his way—which led to a police telephone on the bridge. Five minutes later the "meanest clomp of flat feet might have been heard approaching the spot. The plain clothes men were ordered out to repress mendicancy in general, and in particular to lead into grief and desolation the gent called POCO CHARLIE, who had addressed the mayor of our fair city as "Little Whiskers." For the remainder of the winter Mr. CHARLIE will be provided with quarters on Blackwell's Island. And the mendicants who had begun to swarm through the streets until they were almost as common as in General Bingham's term as police commissioner, have largely faded. One mathematician inclined police officer discussed the event. "POCO CHARLIE," said he, "had 5,000,047 chances—according to the latest census of New York city—to win and one to lose. And when he called the mayor 'Little Whiskers' he picked that one chance and lost."—New York Letter to the Cincinnati Times-Star.

Got Rid of His Creditor. Lespes, the French journalist, known as "Timothee Trimm," was once disagreeably intruded on by a creditor, who announced his intention of not departing until he was paid. The creditor planted himself on a chair, and Lespes beheld him, with consternation, draw bread and cheese from his pockets, as though to fortify himself against events. Several hours glided by; Lespes had resumed his writing and finished an article. The creditor showed no signs of moving. Suddenly Lespes rose, and with bits of newspaper began carefully blocking all the apertures through which air could come into the room. He then made preparations for lighting a charcoal fire; but before applying the match, pasted on the wall, just opposite the creditor's eyes, a paper thus laconically worded: "Take notice that we died of our own will." "What are you doing?" exclaimed the creditor, uneasily. "Your society would render life intolerable, so we are going to commit suicide together," answered Timothee tranquilly. It is needless to say that the creditor deamped.

Costly Job. It was snowing and Miss Urban looked out upon the Newcomb's suburban garden and thought: "How can anybody live in the suburbs?" Just then Mr. Newcomb wandered into the room and she asked: "Who clears off that path to your front gate after a snow?"

"Oh, I have a man do it," he replied. "It's such a short path, I should think you'd do it yourself," remarked Miss Urban.

"It is less expensive to hire a man," responded Mr. Newcomb. "I tried doing it once myself and it cost me seven dollars. You see, in the first place, I had to buy a snow shovel, that was \$1.50. Then I ruined a perfectly good pair of buckskin gloves—that was another \$1.50—and then, just as I was in the middle of the job, I caught the string of my eyeglasses in the handle of the shovel and sent the glasses smashing against one of the piazza posts; that was four dollars more. I can hire a man to do the job for a quarter."

Always Scored a Hit. The aged, wrinkled gamekeeper whistled his dog, and scratched his towled head before turning to the company.

"Yes, sir," said he; "the rummiest master I ever had were old Parson Sharpe. As blind as a bat, he were."

"And did he go shooting?" exclaimed the audience in the village workmen's club.

"Shooting!" replied the gamekeeper, with a sort of contempt at the question. "Ay, that he did. Yes, he shot 'em!" When he was in the woods and anything rose, I'd cry: 'Birds, sir!' and then I'd run behind the parson, and the dogs'd run behind me."

"And then?" asked the audience.

"Then the old gent'd blaze away with both barrels."

"And did he ever hit anything?"

"Oh, yes. Sometimes it wur a cow or a horse or a pig or a dog. Now and again it wur a man. But he always hit something. He were a certain shot, he were!"—Answers.

The Difference. Daughter (delightfully)—And did you really consent? Father—Consent! My stars, I had to! A man demanded your hand like a highwayman holding up a coach. Consent! I believe, from the way he looked and acted, he would have knocked me down if I hadn't. Daughter—Oh, it can't be! You must have been dreaming. Why, when he proposed to me he trembled so that he could hardly speak.

Explained. "What have you got in the package, Mary?"

"My new ball gown."

"I knew it was too small to be your lunch."

Mule Had Peculiar Taste. The following message: "Mule ate piano shipped. Send another next boat," was received by a local piano house in New Orleans recently, from an "up river" purchaser whose \$500 instrument had been forwarded via Mississippi river steambot. In its usual pine box the piano was installed on the lower deck next to a lanky, sleepy-looking mule bound for the cotton fields of the upper bends. Although provided with plenty of oats and hay, the mule ripped off a portion of the piano box, disposed of six octaves of black and white ivory keys and ran the chromatic scale up to "g" in the treble clef. He had gnawed away the mahogany panels in front, masticated felt dampers and hammers by the dozens and completely wrecked the melodious "insides" of the instrument.

A Slight Misapprehension. "My son is very strong," said the proud mother of the college athlete, with a gratified smile. "He told me he put down a pony of spirit yesterday."

"I'll bet," muttered the disgruntled neighbor, "that it was a pony of brandy."

Explained. "What have you got in the package, Mary?"

"My new ball gown."

"I knew it was too small to be your lunch."

There was only four or five burrows in the enclosure, and a few ferrets soon killed all the occupants.

One night, after all the rabbits had been destroyed, the owner happened to visit his former preserve, and detected a man skulking along under the trees with a large bag on his back. The owner at once jumped to the conclusion that the man had come to steal wood. When he challenged the intruder, the supposed thief took to his heels, leaving the bag behind him. It was found to be filled with rabbits of both sexes.

The man was no thief, but a neighbor of the Parlatan, who, ahrewdly reasoning that there could be no more damages if there were no more rabbits, had thought it advisable to restock the warren.

There were only four or five burrows in the enclosure, and a few ferrets soon killed all the occupants.